If euer he haue wife let her be made
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards *Chersey* with your holy load
Taken from *Pauls* to be in interred there:
And still as you are weary of the waight, *Enter*
Rest you whiles I lament King *Henries* corse. *Glocester.*
Glo. Stay you that beare the coarse, and set it downe.
La. What blacke Magitian,coniures vp this fiend
To stop deuoted charitable deeds:
Glo. Villaine, set downe the coarse, or by Saint *Paul*,
Ile make a corse of him that disobeyes?
Gen. Stand backe and let the coffin passe.
Glo. Vnmannerly dog, standst thou when I command,
Aduance thy halbert higher then my breast,
Or by Saint *Paul* ile strike thee to my foote,
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnesse.
La. What do you tremble,are you all affraid?
Alasse,I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.
Auant thou fearefull minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall body,
His soule thou canst not haue therefore be gone,
Glo. Sweet Saint for charity be not so curst.
La. Foule diuell,for Gods sake hence,and trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fil'd it with cursing cryes,and deepe exclaimes,
If thou delight to view thy hanious deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen see, see dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeald mouths and bleed afresh,
Blush,blush, thou lumpe of foule deformity,
For tis thy presence that exhals this blood,
From cold and empty veines where no blood dwels.
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge most vnnaturall,
Oh God, which this blood mad'st, reuenge his death:
Oh earth which this blood drinkst,reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or

Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou didst swallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-gouernd arme hath butchered.
Glo. Lady,you know no rule of charity,
Which render good for bad, blessings for curses,
La. Villanne, thou knowest no law of God, nor man.
No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pitty,
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
La. Oh wonderfull when diuels tell the truth,
Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry,
Vouchsafe deuine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed euils to giue mee leaue,
By circumstance but to acquit my selfe.
La. Vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
For these knowne euils, but to giue mee leaue,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.
Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let mee haue
Some patient leasure to excuse my selfe.
La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou canst make
No excuse currant, but to hang thy selfe.
Glo. By such dispaire I should accuse my selfe.
L. And by dispairing shouldst thou stand excusd
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didst, vnworthy slaughter vpon others.
Glo. Say that I slew them not.
La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are and diuelish slaue by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
La. Why then hee is aliue.
Glo. Nay he is dead and slaine by *Edwards* hand.
La. In thy foule throat thou liest. Queene *Margret* saw
Thy bloody faulchion smooking in his blood,
The which thou once didst bend against her brest,
But that my brother beat aside the poynt.
Glo. I was prouoked by her slanderous tongue.
Which laid her guilt vpon my guiltlesse shoulders
La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloody minde.
Which neuer dreamt on ought;but butcheryes:
Didst thou not kill this King? *Glo.* I grant yee,
B
Lady

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